

PROHIBITION COLUMN.

This column is edited by J. N. Licens, White Run, Ky. All communications to this column should be addressed to J. N. Licens, White Run, Ky.

**PROHIBITION.**  
In assuming the responsibility as editor of this column we feel very sensibly of our incompetency, but for the sake of the cherished principles of the Prohibition party we will endeavor to do the best we can. We shall expect the co-operation of all prohibitionists in the work of this column. We earnestly request that every prohibitionist, who is not now a subscriber to THE HERALD, will at once subscribe. We further request every one who is a subscriber to get as many subscribers as possible and mention when you send them that it is by a Prohibitionist.

There are at present five States of the Union, namely: Maine, Vermont, Rhode Island, Kansas and Iowa—under prohibition law which applies in each case to the entire State.

Prohibition is here to stay—it is a fact. Its growth may be slow, but yet it is sure. It is for right, hence it is sure. It is for right, hence God is for it, and if God be for it what good will it do you to be against it—my brother churchmember.

We desire the name of every probable prohibitionist in the county and hope that those now in the party or anybody else who would be so kind, would favor us with the names of all who might like to know the principles of the Prohibition party. The greatest drawback to our party now is. A want of knowledge of our principles a great many people think we make a hobby of the whisky question to the exclusion of all other questions. So send in the names that literature may be sent them and thus educate them in our cherished principles.

**PROHIBITION AS A PARTY.**  
"Yes, I am a prohibitionist" is the answer coming from many all over our land and country. Thousands, yes millions will express themselves as being in favor of prohibition, they seem to realize that the whisky traffic is a great curse, and express themselves as being in favor of stopping this traffic. But when the ballots of each election are counted, it is seen that very few have voted for the party that foster these principles. They will excuse themselves by saying that prohibition is a moral question and ought to be taken separately and that it has no part nor place in politics. Just why they view this question in this light we do not understand. But we believe there is enough who sees the great evil of this traffic and would rejoice at its being wiped out of this nation to carry the party that fosters these great principles. Now let us reason just a moment with this class of thinkers. So long as we consider this a moral question separate and apart from politics just so long we will be vexed with this traffic from that neither of the parties in power favor prohibition and hence we can never get legislation from them to that effect. For illustration we see that the legislators have granted us the right to vote on this question as a moral question in a county and right on top of that give each town within its bounds the right to vote the traffic back into their incorporation thus rendering the voice of the people of the county ineffective because in the towns would be the only place it would be sold. And just so long as we consider prohibition as merely a moral question separate and apart from politics, just so long we will be vexed with this great evil of the whisky traffic.

The only deliverance from this greatest of evils is in the Prohibition party, and people are everywhere becoming awakened to this fact and many of the best men in our nation are no longer heard to cry out for prohibition as a moral question only, but they have awakened to the realization of the fact that if prohibition ever accomplishes its great mission it must come not only as a moral question, but a political question. It has always appeared strange to me why the people are willing to accept other questions of importance to this nation as political questions and want to exclude the whisky traffic when it is playing such a part in the destruction of all that is cherished by the patriotic citizens of this nation.

Now, we do not as some would believe, exclude all other questions, but we do hold that the whisky question is the most important one, and that the righting of this one question will have much to do with the correction of other evils that exist in our government.

Buy your shoes from Schampire, if you want to save money. He deals exclusively in Footwear and will treat you right.

**Female Crime.**  
[Chicago Times-Herald.]  
The born criminal, male or female, requires few incentives to crime. They are as susceptible to vanity and greed as a child, as instinctively given to rob and kill as a beast of prey. But as the fox must secure his prey in different way from the lion, the woman, being weak, must gain her ends in a different way from the man who is strong. Not that acts of violence are wanting in the record of female crime, where the woman has had the strength to strike and slay; but generally her sins have been accomplished by means of subtlety and a malicious ingenuity which we cannot but regard with greater horror than we feel for the crimes of impulse, due to hot blood and momentary intoxication. There is in the crimes of women cruelty and deliberation that surpasses the bounds of men's capacity. Brivilliers visited the hospitals, and under the semblance of charity, giving dainties to the poor

and suffering, tested on those unhappy creatures, toward whom she felt no the slightest personal ill-will, the poison she meant to use on those who hated or whose death could benefit her. Some murderers, unable through weakness to strike the blow themselves, hire a lover or bribe an assassin to commit the crime, and in such cases plan the circumstances of it with diabolical forethought.

Yet we find this very forethought entangled with folly in a way which indicates that the true impulse to crime is akin to madness. One prisoner brought suspicion upon herself by taking effect upon her victim. "He will die," he cannot recover and although as yet no serious symptoms had shown themselves, and even predicting the symptoms that would ensue, me. Mme Lafarge, having administered poison to her husband, went about pretending a black-bonnet letter, and began to ask how long it was customary for widows to wear mourning. Moreover, women who have the true criminal instinct rob, lie, and murder, when by the exercise of a little tact and patience, they might obtain their desires without crime. In Blackwood's Magazine there was told a year or two ago a story of a girl who repeatedly set fire to houses in her neighborhood in order that the attention of the village might be distracted while she went to meet her lover. Whether the tale was founded on fact or not it shows well the unreasonable, the supreme egotism, of the born criminal. One woman, as chronicled by Lambroso, wishing to marry a man whom her parents disapproved of, murdered them, although in a few months she would have obtained her majority and been able to dispense with their consent. The readiness with which a woman with the criminal instinct will kill a husband or lover of whom she is tired is of the characteristics which remove her farthest from the level of humanity.

Another is the frequent absence of maternal instinct. Where she does not love the father she hates and maltreats the child, while the instinct of the average woman is to love the child the more and cling to it as a compensation when disappointed in her husband.

**Wanted.**  
Twenty-five good tie makers. We also want to buy 10,000 cross-ties on the C. O. & S. W. R. R. between Rockport and Leitchfield. Apply to.  
D. J. DUNCAN & Co.,  
Rockport, Ky.

**LOUISVILLE RACES.**  
Eighteen Days of Fine Sport, Beginning August 24—Reduced Rates on the Railroad.

**THE GRAND ARMY ENCAMPMENT.**  
What with the races, the Grand Encampment, and other big attractions, Louisville offers a superlative inducement to visitors this month and next. The greatest attraction up to September 11th is the Fall Races of the New Louisville Jockey Club. The meeting begins Saturday, August 24th, and continues for eighteen days. All the crack horses of the West, numbering over 800, will be there, and some of the greatest races ever seen in Kentucky will be witnessed. There will be five or more races each day with liberal added money, insuring large fields and exciting contests. Thousands of visitors who expect to attend the Grand Army Encampment will go to Louisville a few days ahead of the old veterans in order to take in the races and avoid the crush that will begin on September 11th.

All the railroads have made special rates for the races and it is expected that quite a big delegation will leave here to attend the meeting.

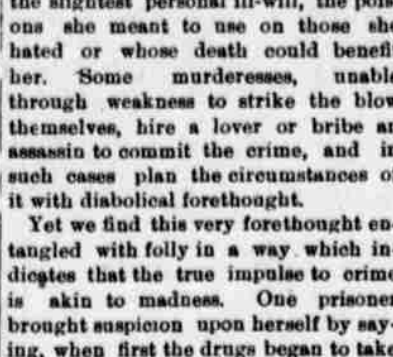
Old people suffer much from disorders of the kidneys or urinary organs, and are always gratified at the wonderful effect of Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Balm.

**She Didn't Know.**  
My friend Mrs. B. is one of those good natured women who are always wanting to make other people comfortable. She happened to be in the railway station the other day; a man she knew came in. He said he was going to Pittsburgh. Now, it happened that Mrs. B., whose husband is a director, knew the conductor of the Pittsburgh train. He passed through the waiting room just then, and Mrs. B. called to him.  
"Conductor," said she, "this is my special friend, Mr. Smith. He is going on your train, and I want you to show him every attention possible."  
The conductor, of course, said he would, but when he went away Mr. Smith turned to Mrs. B. with a sticky smile.  
"I did intend to go to Pittsburgh today, and I was in an awful hurry, but, on the whole, I think I'll wait for the next train."  
And he handed that kind hearted woman a slip of paper. It was a pass, but it was made out to one Jones.—Exchange.

**Announcing a Baby.**  
The following quaint advertisement is from a South Africa paper:  
"It was on Thursday, at 9:30 a. m., the 4th of April, that in the passive retirement of G. M. de Tarnowsky family, at Bonnie Terre Poinis, a lovely babe named Eliacin Milton Lubomir has drawn his first breath of life on this earth's world. All generous, Christian friends, kindly to pray our heavenly Father to protect this puny, living spring through time and for eternity."

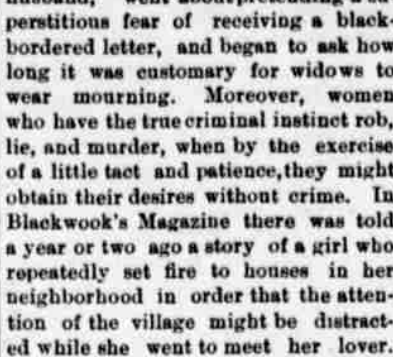
**Pleasure in His Work.**  
"That sour old fellow, Grampus, has a job that just suits him."  
"What's that?"  
"He's a station master where 50 trains go out every day, and he sees somebody miss every one of them."—Chicago Record.

ILLUSTRATED HUMOR.



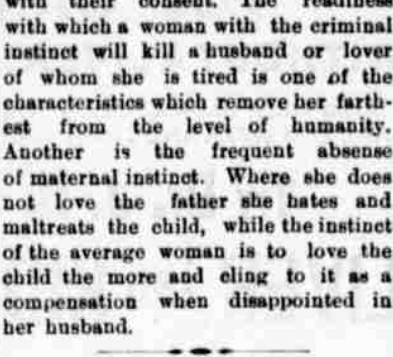
A Dilemma.

"I love, and I am loved."  
"Then you must be perfectly happy."  
"But it isn't the same man!"—Life.



Logical.

Talmage—I have finally discovered why emigration is always toward the west.  
Crandall—Well, why is it?  
Talmage—Because the earth, you know, rotates toward the east, and the people try to keep on top of course.—Truth.



Feline Amusements.

"Are you going to the Browns' dance?"  
"No, I haven't been asked."  
"Oh, I suppose it's quite a young people's dance, you know?"—Punch.

**LOUISVILLE RACES.**  
Eighteen Days of Fine Sport, Beginning August 24—Reduced Rates on the Railroad.

**THE GRAND ARMY ENCAMPMENT.**  
What with the races, the Grand Encampment, and other big attractions, Louisville offers a superlative inducement to visitors this month and next. The greatest attraction up to September 11th is the Fall Races of the New Louisville Jockey Club. The meeting begins Saturday, August 24th, and continues for eighteen days. All the crack horses of the West, numbering over 800, will be there, and some of the greatest races ever seen in Kentucky will be witnessed. There will be five or more races each day with liberal added money, insuring large fields and exciting contests. Thousands of visitors who expect to attend the Grand Army Encampment will go to Louisville a few days ahead of the old veterans in order to take in the races and avoid the crush that will begin on September 11th.

All the railroads have made special rates for the races and it is expected that quite a big delegation will leave here to attend the meeting.

Old people suffer much from disorders of the kidneys or urinary organs, and are always gratified at the wonderful effect of Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Balm.

**She Didn't Know.**  
My friend Mrs. B. is one of those good natured women who are always wanting to make other people comfortable. She happened to be in the railway station the other day; a man she knew came in. He said he was going to Pittsburgh. Now, it happened that Mrs. B., whose husband is a director, knew the conductor of the Pittsburgh train. He passed through the waiting room just then, and Mrs. B. called to him.  
"Conductor," said she, "this is my special friend, Mr. Smith. He is going on your train, and I want you to show him every attention possible."  
The conductor, of course, said he would, but when he went away Mr. Smith turned to Mrs. B. with a sticky smile.  
"I did intend to go to Pittsburgh today, and I was in an awful hurry, but, on the whole, I think I'll wait for the next train."  
And he handed that kind hearted woman a slip of paper. It was a pass, but it was made out to one Jones.—Exchange.

**Announcing a Baby.**  
The following quaint advertisement is from a South Africa paper:  
"It was on Thursday, at 9:30 a. m., the 4th of April, that in the passive retirement of G. M. de Tarnowsky family, at Bonnie Terre Poinis, a lovely babe named Eliacin Milton Lubomir has drawn his first breath of life on this earth's world. All generous, Christian friends, kindly to pray our heavenly Father to protect this puny, living spring through time and for eternity."

**Pleasure in His Work.**  
"That sour old fellow, Grampus, has a job that just suits him."  
"What's that?"  
"He's a station master where 50 trains go out every day, and he sees somebody miss every one of them."—Chicago Record.

**The Conservative Elephant.**  
"Nowadays," said Mr. Bagley, "pretty much everybody carries a dose salt case, but I notice that the elephant sticks to his trunk. No dress suit case for him, eh?"—New York Sun.

**The Old Scythians painted blind fortune's powerful hands with wings to show her gifts come swift and suddenly.**—Chapman.

DO FISHES TALK?



A Dilemma.

"I love, and I am loved."  
"Then you must be perfectly happy."  
"But it isn't the same man!"—Life.



Logical.

Talmage—I have finally discovered why emigration is always toward the west.  
Crandall—Well, why is it?  
Talmage—Because the earth, you know, rotates toward the east, and the people try to keep on top of course.—Truth.



Feline Amusements.

"Are you going to the Browns' dance?"  
"No, I haven't been asked."  
"Oh, I suppose it's quite a young people's dance, you know?"—Punch.

**LOUISVILLE RACES.**  
Eighteen Days of Fine Sport, Beginning August 24—Reduced Rates on the Railroad.

**THE GRAND ARMY ENCAMPMENT.**  
What with the races, the Grand Encampment, and other big attractions, Louisville offers a superlative inducement to visitors this month and next. The greatest attraction up to September 11th is the Fall Races of the New Louisville Jockey Club. The meeting begins Saturday, August 24th, and continues for eighteen days. All the crack horses of the West, numbering over 800, will be there, and some of the greatest races ever seen in Kentucky will be witnessed. There will be five or more races each day with liberal added money, insuring large fields and exciting contests. Thousands of visitors who expect to attend the Grand Army Encampment will go to Louisville a few days ahead of the old veterans in order to take in the races and avoid the crush that will begin on September 11th.

All the railroads have made special rates for the races and it is expected that quite a big delegation will leave here to attend the meeting.

Old people suffer much from disorders of the kidneys or urinary organs, and are always gratified at the wonderful effect of Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Balm.

**She Didn't Know.**  
My friend Mrs. B. is one of those good natured women who are always wanting to make other people comfortable. She happened to be in the railway station the other day; a man she knew came in. He said he was going to Pittsburgh. Now, it happened that Mrs. B., whose husband is a director, knew the conductor of the Pittsburgh train. He passed through the waiting room just then, and Mrs. B. called to him.  
"Conductor," said she, "this is my special friend, Mr. Smith. He is going on your train, and I want you to show him every attention possible."  
The conductor, of course, said he would, but when he went away Mr. Smith turned to Mrs. B. with a sticky smile.  
"I did intend to go to Pittsburgh today, and I was in an awful hurry, but, on the whole, I think I'll wait for the next train."  
And he handed that kind hearted woman a slip of paper. It was a pass, but it was made out to one Jones.—Exchange.

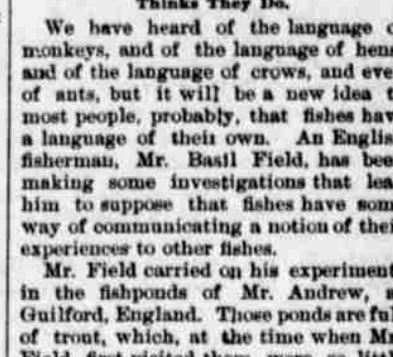
**Announcing a Baby.**  
The following quaint advertisement is from a South Africa paper:  
"It was on Thursday, at 9:30 a. m., the 4th of April, that in the passive retirement of G. M. de Tarnowsky family, at Bonnie Terre Poinis, a lovely babe named Eliacin Milton Lubomir has drawn his first breath of life on this earth's world. All generous, Christian friends, kindly to pray our heavenly Father to protect this puny, living spring through time and for eternity."

**Pleasure in His Work.**  
"That sour old fellow, Grampus, has a job that just suits him."  
"What's that?"  
"He's a station master where 50 trains go out every day, and he sees somebody miss every one of them."—Chicago Record.

**The Conservative Elephant.**  
"Nowadays," said Mr. Bagley, "pretty much everybody carries a dose salt case, but I notice that the elephant sticks to his trunk. No dress suit case for him, eh?"—New York Sun.

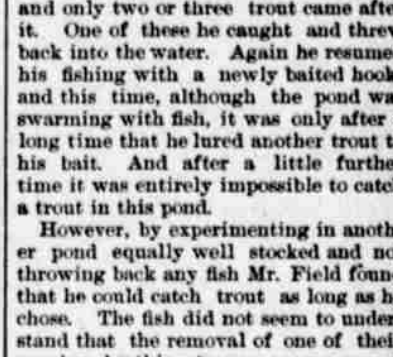
**The Old Scythians painted blind fortune's powerful hands with wings to show her gifts come swift and suddenly.**—Chapman.

DO FISHES TALK?



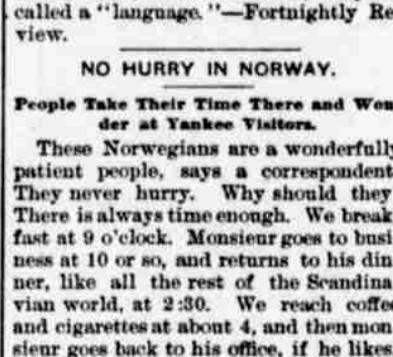
A Dilemma.

"I love, and I am loved."  
"Then you must be perfectly happy."  
"But it isn't the same man!"—Life.



Logical.

Talmage—I have finally discovered why emigration is always toward the west.  
Crandall—Well, why is it?  
Talmage—Because the earth, you know, rotates toward the east, and the people try to keep on top of course.—Truth.



Feline Amusements.

"Are you going to the Browns' dance?"  
"No, I haven't been asked."  
"Oh, I suppose it's quite a young people's dance, you know?"—Punch.

**LOUISVILLE RACES.**  
Eighteen Days of Fine Sport, Beginning August 24—Reduced Rates on the Railroad.

**THE GRAND ARMY ENCAMPMENT.**  
What with the races, the Grand Encampment, and other big attractions, Louisville offers a superlative inducement to visitors this month and next. The greatest attraction up to September 11th is the Fall Races of the New Louisville Jockey Club. The meeting begins Saturday, August 24th, and continues for eighteen days. All the crack horses of the West, numbering over 800, will be there, and some of the greatest races ever seen in Kentucky will be witnessed. There will be five or more races each day with liberal added money, insuring large fields and exciting contests. Thousands of visitors who expect to attend the Grand Army Encampment will go to Louisville a few days ahead of the old veterans in order to take in the races and avoid the crush that will begin on September 11th.

All the railroads have made special rates for the races and it is expected that quite a big delegation will leave here to attend the meeting.

Old people suffer much from disorders of the kidneys or urinary organs, and are always gratified at the wonderful effect of Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Balm.

**She Didn't Know.**  
My friend Mrs. B. is one of those good natured women who are always wanting to make other people comfortable. She happened to be in the railway station the other day; a man she knew came in. He said he was going to Pittsburgh. Now, it happened that Mrs. B., whose husband is a director, knew the conductor of the Pittsburgh train. He passed through the waiting room just then, and Mrs. B. called to him.  
"Conductor," said she, "this is my special friend, Mr. Smith. He is going on your train, and I want you to show him every attention possible."  
The conductor, of course, said he would, but when he went away Mr. Smith turned to Mrs. B. with a sticky smile.  
"I did intend to go to Pittsburgh today, and I was in an awful hurry, but, on the whole, I think I'll wait for the next train."  
And he handed that kind hearted woman a slip of paper. It was a pass, but it was made out to one Jones.—Exchange.

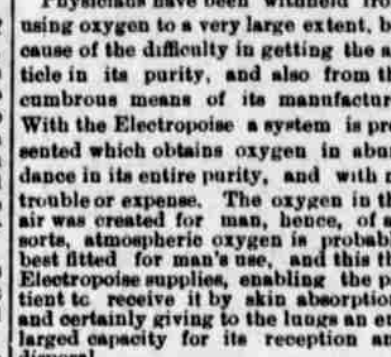
**Announcing a Baby.**  
The following quaint advertisement is from a South Africa paper:  
"It was on Thursday, at 9:30 a. m., the 4th of April, that in the passive retirement of G. M. de Tarnowsky family, at Bonnie Terre Poinis, a lovely babe named Eliacin Milton Lubomir has drawn his first breath of life on this earth's world. All generous, Christian friends, kindly to pray our heavenly Father to protect this puny, living spring through time and for eternity."

**Pleasure in His Work.**  
"That sour old fellow, Grampus, has a job that just suits him."  
"What's that?"  
"He's a station master where 50 trains go out every day, and he sees somebody miss every one of them."—Chicago Record.

**The Conservative Elephant.**  
"Nowadays," said Mr. Bagley, "pretty much everybody carries a dose salt case, but I notice that the elephant sticks to his trunk. No dress suit case for him, eh?"—New York Sun.

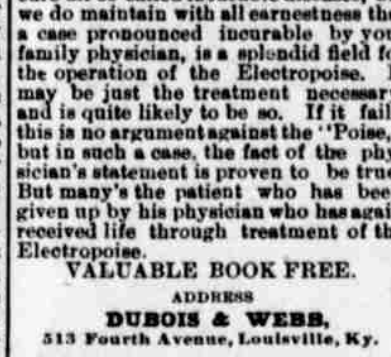
**The Old Scythians painted blind fortune's powerful hands with wings to show her gifts come swift and suddenly.**—Chapman.

DO FISHES TALK?



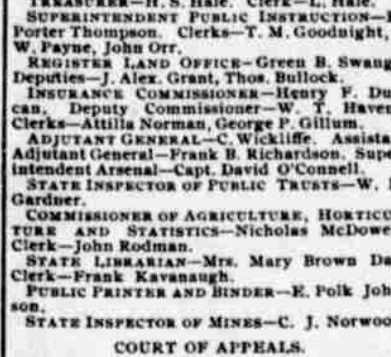
A Dilemma.

"I love, and I am loved."  
"Then you must be perfectly happy."  
"But it isn't the same man!"—Life.



Logical.

Talmage—I have finally discovered why emigration is always toward the west.  
Crandall—Well, why is it?  
Talmage—Because the earth, you know, rotates toward the east, and the people try to keep on top of course.—Truth.



Feline Amusements.

"Are you going to the Browns' dance?"  
"No, I haven't been asked."  
"Oh, I suppose it's quite a young people's dance, you know?"—Punch.

**LOUISVILLE RACES.**  
Eighteen Days of Fine Sport, Beginning August 24—Reduced Rates on the Railroad.

**THE GRAND ARMY ENCAMPMENT.**  
What with the races, the Grand Encampment, and other big attractions, Louisville offers a superlative inducement to visitors this month and next. The greatest attraction up to September 11th is the Fall Races of the New Louisville Jockey Club. The meeting begins Saturday, August 24th, and continues for eighteen days. All the crack horses of the West, numbering over 800, will be there, and some of the greatest races ever seen in Kentucky will be witnessed. There will be five or more races each day with liberal added money, insuring large fields and exciting contests. Thousands of visitors who expect to attend the Grand Army Encampment will go to Louisville a few days ahead of the old veterans in order to take in the races and avoid the crush that will begin on September 11th.

All the railroads have made special rates for the races and it is expected that quite a big delegation will leave here to attend the meeting.

Old people suffer much from disorders of the kidneys or urinary organs, and are always gratified at the wonderful effect of Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Balm.

**She Didn't Know.**  
My friend Mrs. B. is one of those good natured women who are always wanting to make other people comfortable. She happened to be in the railway station the other day; a man she knew came in. He said he was going to Pittsburgh. Now, it happened that Mrs. B., whose husband is a director, knew the conductor of the Pittsburgh train. He passed through the waiting room just then, and Mrs. B. called to him.  
"Conductor," said she, "this is my special friend, Mr. Smith. He is going on your train, and I want you to show him every attention possible."  
The conductor, of course, said he would, but when he went away Mr. Smith turned to Mrs. B. with a sticky smile.  
"I did intend to go to Pittsburgh today, and I was in an awful hurry, but, on the whole, I think I'll wait for the next train."  
And he handed that kind hearted woman a slip of paper. It was a pass, but it was made out to one Jones.—Exchange.

**Announcing a Baby.**  
The following quaint advertisement is from a South Africa paper:  
"It was on Thursday, at 9:30 a. m., the 4th of April, that in the passive retirement of G. M. de Tarnowsky family, at Bonnie Terre Poinis, a lovely babe named Eliacin Milton Lubomir has drawn his first breath of life on this earth's world. All generous, Christian friends, kindly to pray our heavenly Father to protect this puny, living spring through time and for eternity."

**Pleasure in His Work.**  
"That sour old fellow, Grampus, has a job that just suits him."  
"What's that?"  
"He's a station master where 50 trains go out every day, and he sees somebody miss every one of them."—Chicago Record.

**The Conservative Elephant.**  
"Nowadays," said Mr. Bagley, "pretty much everybody carries a dose salt case, but I notice that the elephant sticks to his trunk. No dress suit case for him, eh?"—New York Sun.

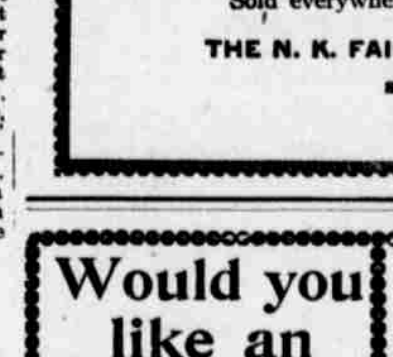
**The Old Scythians painted blind fortune's powerful hands with wings to show her gifts come swift and suddenly.**—Chapman.

DO FISHES TALK?



A Dilemma.

"I love, and I am loved."  
"Then you must be perfectly happy."  
"But it isn't the same man!"—Life.



Logical.

Talmage—I have finally discovered why emigration is always toward the west.  
Crandall—Well, why is it?  
Talmage—Because the earth, you know, rotates toward the east, and the people try to keep on top of course.—Truth.



Feline Amusements.

"Are you going to the Browns' dance?"  
"No, I haven't been asked."  
"Oh, I suppose it's quite a young people's dance, you know?"—Punch.

**LOUISVILLE RACES.**  
Eighteen Days of Fine Sport, Beginning August 24—Reduced Rates on the Railroad.

**THE GRAND ARMY ENCAMPMENT.**  
What with the races, the Grand Encampment, and other big attractions, Louisville offers a superlative inducement to visitors this month and next. The greatest attraction up to September 11th is the Fall Races of the New Louisville Jockey Club. The meeting begins Saturday, August 24th, and continues for eighteen days. All the crack horses of the West, numbering over 800, will be there, and some of the greatest races ever seen in Kentucky will be witnessed. There will be five or more races each day with liberal added money, insuring large fields and exciting contests. Thousands of visitors who expect to attend the Grand Army Encampment will go to Louisville a few days ahead of the old veterans in order to take in the races and avoid the crush that will begin on September 11th.

All the railroads have made special rates for the races and it is expected that quite a big delegation will leave here to attend the meeting.

Old people suffer much from disorders of the kidneys or urinary organs, and are always gratified at the wonderful effect of Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Balm.

**She Didn't Know.**  
My friend Mrs. B. is one of those good natured women who are always wanting to make other people comfortable. She happened to be in the railway station the other day; a man she knew came in. He said he was going to Pittsburgh. Now, it happened that Mrs. B., whose husband is a director, knew the conductor of the Pittsburgh train. He passed through the waiting room just then, and Mrs. B. called to him.  
"Conductor," said she, "this is my special friend, Mr. Smith. He is going on your train, and I want you to show him every attention possible."  
The conductor, of course, said he would, but when he went away Mr. Smith turned to Mrs. B. with a sticky smile.  
"I did intend to go to Pittsburgh today, and I was in an awful hurry, but, on the whole, I think I'll wait for the next train."  
And he handed that kind hearted woman a slip of paper. It was a pass, but it was made out to one Jones.—Exchange.

**Announcing a Baby.**  
The following quaint advertisement is from a South Africa paper:  
"It was on Thursday, at 9:30 a. m., the 4th of April, that in the passive retirement of G. M. de Tarnowsky family, at Bonnie Terre Poinis, a lovely babe named Eliacin Milton Lubomir has drawn his first breath of life on this earth's world. All generous, Christian friends, kindly to pray our heavenly Father to protect this puny, living spring through time and for eternity."

**Pleasure in His Work.**  
"That sour old fellow, Grampus, has a job that just suits him."  
"What's that?"  
"He's a station master where 50 trains go out every day, and he sees somebody miss every one of them."—Chicago Record.

**The Conservative Elephant.**  
"Nowadays," said Mr. Bagley, "pretty much everybody carries a dose salt case, but I notice that the elephant sticks to his trunk. No dress suit case for him, eh?"—New York Sun.

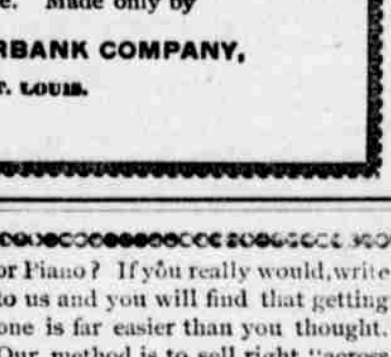
**The Old Scythians painted blind fortune's powerful hands with wings to show her gifts come swift and suddenly.**—Chapman.

DO FISHES TALK?



A Dilemma.

"I love, and I am loved."  
"Then you must be perfectly happy."  
"But it isn't the same man!"—Life.



Logical.

Talmage—I have finally discovered why emigration is always toward the west.  
Crandall—Well, why is it?  
Talmage—Because the earth, you know, rotates toward the east, and the people try to keep on top of course.—Truth.